Westminster Hotel,

New York, Nov. 20, 1876.

My Dear Frank:

This morning brought a letter from Miss Southwick to Fanny, assuring us that all is going on smoothly at Rockledge, and giving sundry particulars of home affairs. Thanks for her kind attention. We were glad to learn that she was to have the companionship of Mrs. Joy for a day or two; and we hope she will break the quietude and monotony of her situation by having some other friend, or one of her sisters, with her, until my return, which will probably be on Thursday or Friday next.

Knowing how prompt you are in writing, I was expecting to get a letter from you this morning; but failing to do so, I told Fanny that you had in all probability

14

P.S. I am much relieved in mind on receiving my father's letter. — Hence's an item dishonor must rather and cause me the little future expense beyond ordinary. — Fanny joins in kindest love.

directed your letter to the care of Wendell, thinking that I may have spent Sunday with him at the Park. But this afternoon the postman puts your welcome letter into my hand here, and I take up my pencil to send you my fatherly acknowledgment.

You can readily suppose that I read with deep interest the letter of our good friend Mr. Lupton with reference to the case of dear George Thompson. The latter appears to have exhibited increasing debility and attenuation; yet I am inclined to think that he is not so near his earthly end as he had supposed. I have long been satisfied that his trouble is much more mental than physical; and if he could have the society of his old American friends, I doubt not he would feel very much better in his spirits. It is gratifying to know that he had Amelia and Edith with him, and that there seemed to be an amicable state of feeling prevailing in the family, including Mrs. T.

I see, by the notice of Dr. Loring's book in the Transcript, that he pays me the compliment of not being a disagreeable reformer. It is something for him to associate me with Luther, as a matter of prominence.

Friday I went down to the office of the Nation, and spent an hour or two with him [Wendell]. Saturday afternoon I went the second time, with Fanny, to witness the marvellous playing of Madame Annette Essipoff, a Russian young lady, on the piano. She not only surpasses my favorite, Miss Mehlig, but is entitled to rank as the peer of Rubenstein and von Bulow. Photius Fiske must have been mistaken as to her having played in Boston. Should she have a concert in B. before my return, do not fail to hear her, and induce as many others to attend as you can. She is as unassuming as she is talented. As, in playing the most intricate music, she never uses any notes, her memory is simply prodigious.

Saturday evening a first-class storm of rain and wind commenced here, and has continued up to the present hour, accompanied with a heavy fog, and throwing a wet blanket over all movements. However, I ventured to go with Mr. Richards, Sunday forenoon, to hear O. B. Frothingham preach in Masonic Hall, but he had gone to Cornell, and John Weiss discoursed in his stead on immortality. I lost the greater portion of it on account of his inadequate voice. I saw there Mrs. Frothingham, Mrs. Rosalie Hopper, her son William whom I have not seen since he was a little boy, but who is now six feet high, Lucy Gibbons Morse, and some others who were introduced to me. — Since noon yesterday, I have not left the hotel for a moment, in consequence of the raging storm.

Harry sends a telegram from Lawrence, Kansas, to-day, on his way to Topeka. He will try to reach here on Saturday.

Your loving Father.